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pitiless of masters in detecting the faults of others. The latest of his completed works are 'A Santon at the Door of a Mosque,' and 'Bathers in a Harem,' these two totally unworthy of his reputation; and the 'Sword-Dance,' a repetition, with alterations, of a picture painted for an English nobleman two years ago. He is now at work on a large painting representing 'Christian Martyrs in a Roman Circus.'

The personal appearance of Gérôme is very peculiar. His head, with its deep-set, large eyes, wild masses of grey hair, and pointed grey moustache, is eminently picturesque. He is as thin as a shadow, and is distinguished for extreme industry, excessive irritability, and great dislike to visitors, the last two qualities being pro-

bably necessary corollaries of the first. Strange to say, notwithstanding the accuracy and perfection of his drawing, he has never succeeded as a portrait-painter. His portrait of Rachel, now in the Comédie Française, and exhibited at the Alsace-Lorraine Loan Collection, is a mere fancy-sketch; it is *Phèdre*, but it is not Rachel, and it provoked unfavourable comment by its proximity to the fine likeness of the great actress by Müller, which was on exhibition at the same time. But in his own domain he reigns in well-nigh unrivalled supremacy; and, as he is but fifty-three years of age, we may hope for many more *chefs-d'œuvre* from his vigorous pencil.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

ART IN LONDON.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.



HE Society of British Artists were singularly unfortunate this year in having one of the most depressing of London November days for the opening of an exhibition which required more than ordinary cheerful qualities of light and sun to make it pleasant pastime for the visitor to search out its really few attractions. As it happened, the Society's rooms in Suffolk Street were penetrated by the haze of a thick yellow fog, which hung about the canvases, veiling whatever examples of skilful and artistic painting there were to stand as offsets against much that was gloomy, trashy, and commonplace. The winter exhibition this year is altogether wanting in worthy examples of British Art, and we cannot bring to mind a single painting in the least degree impressive, or calculated to represent truly any marked progress in originality, either of thought or treatment, among the artists annually exhibiting at these rooms. The works contributed by painters of established reputation not members of the Society are few and unimportant. Considerable space is occupied by the President of the Royal Academy's picture—'H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge at the Battle of the Alma'—probably exhibited on this occasion as an enterprising recognition on the part of the Society of the present force of English opinion on the Eastern question. The work is not of recent date, nor is it possessed of much artistic value. It would pass as a noteworthy addition to the furniture of the officers' mess-room of the Grenadier Guards, or of some other regiment whose representatives would pay less attention to the artist's skill as a painter than to his power of producing on canvas an eloquent tribute to British valour. The portraits in the picture are eminently truthful. The duke, in the undress uniform of a general of division, is represented on a chestnut charger, bareheaded, cocked-hat in hand, waving his men to the advance in support of the Light Division hotly engaged on the summit of the hill overlooking the now famous stream from which the battle received its name. Colonel the Honourable J. Macdonald, and Colonels Cafton and Tyrwhitt, all three well-known men in London society of the present day, attend the duke as aides-de-camp. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, himself now of the rank that his chief held at the date of the incident depicted on the canvas, is in command of a company of red-coated stalwart Guards in the foreground. Sir Francis Grant has produced admirable portraits of the five principal personages represented, and here it would be well that criticism should end. The painting in the aggregate as a work of Art is not worth mentioning. 'The Honourable Mrs. W. Grey,' by the same artist, is another worthy example of his skill in the department of portraiture. Sir John Gilbert, R.A., sends two early productions of his studio. One is a clever and broadly-painted sketch of the picturesque group of buildings at Dolgelly, North Wales, known as the Parliament House, associated with the story of Owen Glendower's rising; the other is a picture in cabinet-size, of 'A Standard-Bearer,' a bluff and burly Cavalier of the Cromwellian era, bearing a standard of garter-blue. By Mr. H. S. Marks, N.R.A., the third painter of reputation exhibiting, there is a very truthful study from Nature, 'By the Mouth of the Harbour,' reminding us of the low-lying, bleak-looking Essex shore washed by

the muddy ripples of the Thames wending its sluggish way to the sea. The sky is the most effective bit of colouring in the picture, conveying a forcible impression of bright daylight, to which the sombre colour of the water lends a striking if not altogether pleasing contrast. 'The Maid and the Magpie,' Mr. Mark's other contribution, is a not very entertaining wayside sketch of a young lady seated in a sweet reverie among some ivy-clad ruins, with a chattering magpie disturbing her musing by his volubility overhead. 'Low Water, Sunset—Hastings,' by Mr. N. Clint, is an excellent piece of sea-scape, a study of still water lighted up by the brilliant crimson and gold flashes of the setting sun; and in the same department of painting may be mentioned 'Enkhuizen in the Zuyder Zee,' by Mr. W. L. Wyllie, a faithful rendering of a very picturesque scene, singularly pure and fresh in tone, and completely finished without the too frequent attendant mischief of over-elaboration. A very careful little piece of painting in the Hook style is Mr. W. Hemsley's 'On the Coast, Sussex,' where three youthful shrimpers search beneath an upturned, weed-covered stone for the long-tailed crustacean which, by-and-by, is to serve as a toothsome adjunct to the bread-and-butter of the tea-table. The children are well-drawn representatives of the hardy fisher race of the Sussex coast, and the stretch of beach, with the receding tide, and rocks in the distance, are careful realisations of Nature.

None of the landscapes exhibited are of any special importance: 'Haymaking—Morning in Kent,' by Mr. J. W. B. Knight, is about the best; ranking next to it, we should say, 'Landscape—Naas, Sweden,' by Miss H. Montalba, a small picture, containing, however, remarkable evidence of genuine artistic feeling, and careful attention to natural appearances. Very pretty in conception, and very clever in treatment, is the scene from country-life given in Mr. N. F. Patten's picture of 'The Boldest of Birds,' albeit it ruthlessly destroys a well-accepted tradition of natural history. A robin, generally allowed to be the timidiest of birds, is perched at the elbow of a rosy-faced cotter's child, curiously attentive of her baby-actions in the way of flower-gathering. The little one has at hand a tiny wheelbarrow full of wild-roses, and is now engaged in plucking from the verdant hedgerow a handful of wild-convolvulus. The artist has here painted a charming idyll, minutely following the realities of outdoor country-life. Two pretty girls romping in 'The Hayfield,' by Mr. J. Morgan, is another but more ambitious attempt in the same direction, yet with scarcely the same pleasing results. It can hardly, however, prove of interest to American readers that we should dwell upon descriptions of conventional examples of English scenery, unrelieved by any newness of incident, and lacking in evidence of originality or strength of treatment on the part of the artists who attempt to reproduce them. Merely noticing in passing an English hunting-scene, 'A Check,' the joint work of Messrs. J. D. Watson and J. Charlton, a large and powerful study from animal life, we will endeavour to enumerate some of the more effective examples of *genre* painting exhibited by the Society this year.

H. Wallis's 'Arranging for the Marriage' is certainly one of the most pleasing in this direction, excellent in rendering, brilliant in colour, careful in outline, and abounding in subtleties of quiet humour. A well-looking, well-bred priest, to judge from the rich purple and gold vestment which he wears over his broad shoul-

ders, fresh from the service of the altar, stands wiping his comely hands with a fair linen towel hanging beside a marble *piscina*. His face is half turned around, to convey, by the language of the eyes, more telling strength to some utterance of kindly wit directed at a young Sicilian fisher-girl, who stands immediately behind him. This maiden, a bronze-faced, bare-legged beauty in dainty dress of white muslin and blue, bears to the father a rich tribute of freshly-caught red mullet, piled in an appetising heap on a dish overspread with emerald-green reeds. In the far-off corner of the sacristy stands the bridegroom, a handsome, well-shapen young fellow, evidently of the bride's own calling, engaged in conversation with a second priest, likewise clad in rich vestments of cloth of gold. This second priest, with pretension of listening to the speech of the lovesick boy, is in reality attentively scanning the eyes and countenance of his colleague, which would seem to betoken more knowledge and appreciation of worldly than of spiritual things. The story is admirably told, and the artist has bestowed upon the treatment of the faces much skill in the expression of thought and feeling. The marble is painted with painstaking attention to architectural detail, and discovers considerable ability in the blending of the various tints of green and white marble. Mr. Wallis's contribution, which seems, by-the-way, almost to have escaped notice in the brief criticisms of the exhibition given in the London press, is certainly one of the most noteworthy pictures among those sent in by non-members of the Society, not so much for its subject as for the capable way in which it has been handled. 'Parted,' by C. Cattermole, is worthy of notice as a skilful attempt to depict the natural look of snow on canvas. A dead trooper, lying on the frozen bed of winter's designing, is watched by a wan-looking, starving horse, seemingly just preparing to follow his master's example, and bid farewell to the inhospitable, treacherous world. It is a relief to turn from the cold and dismal story of this picture to the warmth and brightness of three exceptionally good specimens of painting not far off. 'Delicate Attentions,' by N. Verey; 'Windsor Castle from below the Weir,' by W. Gosling; and 'Sea-side Life,' by J. H. Sampson, are certainly well worthy of notice. A rich river-scene is that of Mr. Gosling's painting, with luxuriant overhanging foliage, and reedy beds, and well-cropped meadows of bright-green grass, overlooked by the time-worn, sombre towers of Windsor. Mr. Verey's is a sketch of rustic love-making. A good-looking gardener rests from his morning's work for the moment to bestow upon his lady-love, the presiding genius of the dairy, a gift of fresh-cut roses. The gentleman cunningly contrives to hide the bouquet, to be produced, however, when the lady shall have tired herself of guessing the nature of the coming gift. 'Sea-side Life' is a pretty sketch of the summer doings of town-folk on the sands, very much after the style, in miniature, of Frith's 'Margate.' *A propos* of this pleasant watering-place, and of the terrible stretch of sand which fringes its roadstead, it is right to mention a small but excellent example of Mr. Duncan's cultivated skill in the exhibition, 'The Goodwins,' in which an impressive natural effect is rendered with rare truth and subtlety.

MODELS FOR THE BYRON MEMORIAL.

There is on view at South Kensington a collection of models sent in by competitors for the Byron memorial. It seems that, after lengthened inspection and careful consideration of the works submitted, the judges were unable to recommend any one design as having fulfilled the requisite conditions of the competition. A selection of six works, however, was made, the authors of which are to be invited to compete again. Of these six, two by Williamson are worthy of some notice as reproducing with careful accuracy the features of the poet. In both models he is represented standing in easy attitude, and clad in the picturesque costume of Greece, which he affected during his residence in that country. The dog 'Boatswain' is introduced into the first model, looking wistfully into the face of his master, who fondles the animal's shaggy head in one hand, while the other rests easily on the hip. Very little originality of treatment is shown by any of the competitors, and all give us the typical Byron with the broad collar, loose shirt, and roughly-tied black neckerchief. A rather ambitious work, by J. Bell, which seems to have been rejected, probably on account of the expense which would be entailed in reproducing it in large, is very effective. The poet, an admirable and

carefully-studied likeness, is represented in thought, composing, but not writing. Poetry, at the base of the statue, catches his words as they fall, and writes them in her book. The character and features of the poet are excellent, and have evidently been collated from the portraits of best authority. The figure of Poetry is introduced; it is explained by the artist to give interest to the treatment, and enrich the front of the pedestal, at the sides of which are spaces for *rilievi* of such subjects from the poet's works as might be selected. A space for inscription is at the back. Edward Marion has submitted a study which suggests painstaking attention to detail and thoughtful effort to reproduce in marble a correct representation of the poet, although no originality is displayed in the method of treatment of the subject. Byron is shown with a military cloak thrown loosely over his shoulders, leaning against a broken column, around the base of which clings ivy. The attitude is easy and graceful, the poet resting his head on his hand in an attitude of thought. Most of the models are submitted anonymously, and therefore it is impossible to mention the competitors by name; indeed, there is so little opportunity of making distinctions among them that, even if names were given, it would be no easy matter to decide whose should stand first. We like a design by Mr. L. A. Malempré the best, although as a design it is simple in conception and destitute of high artistic merit. The poet is seated on a rock, in an attitude of meditation, with the favourite 'Boatswain' asleep at his feet. The most pretentious model submitted comes from the studio of Mr. Lawson, and seems to have been suggested by a study of the Prince Consort Memorial in Hyde Park. The principal figure, of the poet, of course, in bronze on a lofty pedestal of marble, is reached by a wide flight of steps reaching right and left of the statue. At the top of these steps is a low-lying balustrade of marble, in the centres of which on pedestals are winged figures of Music and Poetry holding laurel-wreaths to the poet, who is seated on a rock in an attitude of inspiration.

It is satisfactory to learn that none of the models are accepted as fulfilling the conditions of the competition, for not one can be mentioned as highly meritorious, or as likely to redeem the present indifferent character of the public monuments interspersed over London.

THE FRENCH GALLERY, PALL MALL, LONDON.

With the exception of the figure-subjects of Mr. F. Goodall, R.A., Mr. T. F. Dicksee, and M. Gierymski, the landscapes of Mr. B. W. Leader, and the sea-pieces of Mr. H. W. Mesdag, the hundred and ninety-five oil-pictures forming the present exhibition are all of small cabinet size.

The works at the end of the catalogue being very small, and from their place in the middle of the room being rather liable to be passed over, we would call attention to them first. Their quality, moreover, is of a supreme kind, and in a certain sense they are the gems of the exhibition. 'The Traveller,' by J. L. Meissonier, sits in a long, pale-green coat and jack-boots; smoking a German pipe, and furnishes one more proof that minuteness need not mean littleness, and that care and finish in details are perfectly compatible with breadth and effect. H. Kauffmann illustrates the same paradox on a still more miniature scale in his 'Politician,' in which is seen an energetic, but scraggy-looking man, reading the newspaper to a rather dull, lymphatic individual, who leans against the wall and smokes leisurely his pipe as he listens; and in the two old men, one of whom is 'Baffled' in the game of cards. In the same neighbourhood will be found an interior by E. Frère, which will compare favourably with anything he has done lately. It is the 'Workshop of a Sabotmaker,' and, with the 'Engraver's Studio' of J. G. Vibert, shows as fine a treatment of *chiaro-oscuro* as one could wish. 'On Mischief bent' is the name given to the head of a bright, black-eyed little boy of swarthy complexion and intense vitality, by its painter, Professor L. Knaus, formerly of Düsseldorf, but now Director of the Academy at Berlin. Another miniature subject of Meissonier-like quality is the young lady in pale-yellow dress drawing aside a heavy curtain to gratify her 'Curiosity,' by A. Moreau.

Turning to pictures of larger dimensions, we have to record our approval of the two dark beauties whom we see laughing and talking 'Scandal in the Harem;' the character of the two women is well differentiated, and their author, Mrs. Anderson, of Capri, has

produced an effective work. Of kindred quality, both in subject and tone, is the 'Reprimand,' by J. B. Burgess, which hangs immediately beneath pretty 'Little Miss Rose,' by J. Archer, R.S.A.; it represents an old lady pointing out wrathfully to the venerable priest the younger of her two daughters, who stands in momentary penitence before them. In spite of the indignation of the old lady, and the kindly reproof of the reverend father, we are very much afraid that the young lady will forget all that is being said to her the next time she has an opportunity.

In respect of these two qualities, M. Gierymski, a Polish artist, in his 'Trial Scene from the Merchant of Venice,' falls rather short. The general effect is certainly good, and the tone admirable; but variety, action, and individual character, are wanting, and not a single member of the *dramatis personæ* stirs in us the faintest interest.

In the corresponding place of honour at the other end of the gallery hangs T. F. Dicksee's 'Cleopatra,' which, considering her queenly estate, is full of that dramatic intensity we desiderate in M. Gierymski. She sits back in her chair, with the asp writhing restlessly in her listless hand, while we can see, by the quiver of the lip and the dreamy, far-away look of the eye, that the happy days of love-dalliance will come back no more, and that she has done with the world and its pleasures for ever. The drawing of Cleopatra is, in every part—hands and arms, face and drapery—simply splendid; and we think, further, that Mr. Dicksee never painted so fine a picture. Its bright and lively colouring contrasts with the sombre tones of the picture opposite.

'The Holy Mother,' in white headgear and blue robe, sitting with the naked infant in her lap, is a reduced *replica* of the Madonna picture, by F. Goodall, R.A., that hung in the Royal Academy last season. On renewing our acquaintance, we think more of the picture than ever. The eyes of the infant Saviour beam out on the spectator with divine sweetness, and in looking at the Mother we feel that maternity also is divine. Mr. Goodall's other work shows 'Rebecca at the Well,' in white linen veil and rich yellow dress, full of Oriental grace and beauty.

Opposite this work hang two large canvases by H. W. Mesdag, representing the 'Lifeboat going out to the Rescue,' on the coast of Scheveningen, and the triumphant 'Return' of the same. The horizon of the first picture gleams with a whiteness which, when contrasted with the darker storm-clouds, has a wicked and threatening look; on the return of the lifeboat this angry white light gives place to a rosy brightness, indicating the peaceful setting of the sun. The life and excitement on the beach are finely rendered in both instances, and the pictures are, certainly, characteristic of the painter in his very best moods.

B. W. Leader strikes a key more cheering, and in 'Making Hay while the Sun shines' shows, by the number of his figures male and female, and the liveliness of their action, what a pleasant thing

haymaking must be. In one picture he presents the aspect of an English landscape a few months later in the year; he calls it 'An October Day on the River Teme,' and the almost leafless state of the trees, the yellowish tone of the fields, and the coolish greys of the light sky, lead one easily to the time of year indicated.

Above this hangs a clever study of a handsome young lady in a dark dress, by Miss Hilda Montalba; and in the corner is a very telling piece of colour, by her gifted sister, Miss Clara Montalba, representing a rather narrow 'Water-Lane in Venice.' While with the ladies, we can scarcely do better than call attention to the 'Great Expectations' of Miss Louise B. Swift; 'Foam,' a girl standing on a sea-girt stone, by Matilda Goodman; and 'Silvia,' a three-quarter face of a young girl seen against a damask background, by Miss Jackson.

Among pictures we have marked for warm approval may be mentioned 'Dangerous Roads,' by A. C. Gow, showing an old coach-guard loading his blunderbuss in presence of a deeply-impressed postboy: it is the best picture we have yet seen by this artist. 'Afternoon Sunshine,' with sheep coming along a road which leads through a heathery muir, by J. Clayton Adams, is another highly-meritorious work. The remark is equally applicable to the 'Flemish Landscape' of E. Des Schampheleer, and the contributions of P. Seignac, V. Chevilliard, C. Moreau, and T. Spring. T. Weber sends a couple of his fine sea-pieces; the one representing the 'Old Pier at Flushing' running out into the rough water, and the other the 'Ostend Pilot-boat going out.' Percy Macquoid's 'Breton Girls' are evidently trustworthy souvenirs of his visit to Brittany. J. Forbes-Robertson's illustration to Longfellow's lines—

" Long was the good man's sermon,
But it seemed not so to me,
For he spoke of Ruth the beautiful,
And still I thought of thee"—

reveals two young lovers in an old-fashioned pew, in old-fashioned attire, rehearsing once more the old, old story. There are a Ruth-like earnestness and sweetness in the face of the girl which enlists at once our sympathy, and we share the keen interest in her fair face which the young man at her side evidently feels.

Haynes Williams shows in his 'Rivals' two pigeons about to alight on a lady's hand. How exquisitely he can paint the varied textures which enter into the composition of a lady's dress, and make it a pleasing picture out of very limited materials! E. Long, A.R.A., sends a life-sized figure of a handsome, fair girl, whose sweet face and finely-modelled naked arm call forth at once the admiration of the visitor. He calls it 'Fanchette.' We are glad to see that the question, 'Who was Job?' put to the school-children by the lady in J. Morgan's picture, will meet with half-a-dozen ready answers from the eager pupils. The subject is treated with great freshness and spirit.

RECENT ART PUBLICATIONS.



AN edition of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," illustrated by Gustave Doré, is one of the leading illustrated books of the year. It is an imperial folio in size, the engravings being all full-page, thereby affording, by their ample dimensions, good opportunity for effect. Doré here appears at his best, if not also at his worst. The drawings exhibit in a remarkable degree the grotesque and extravagant effects in which he so much delights, but they also manifest his affluent imagination, his immense command over light and shade, his daring invention, and his passion for the sombre and weird. It is impossible not to be intensely interested in looking over this series of drawings, however much one may be disposed to censure the theatrical extravagance that characterises some of the compositions. Fortunately, it is a subject that permits considerable license on the part of the artist, and for this reason it is well chosen by Doré, who is nothing unless he can revel to his heart's content in the wild, the fantastic, the lurid, the grand, and the sensational. The American edition is published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers, who

have printed the thoroughly well-engraved cuts in a manner wholly satisfactory.

It is a little singular that the only distinctive Art-work wholly of American origin is from the pencil of a woman. Miss Mary Hallock's illustrations to Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armour" are exceedingly good. They show excellent command over the *technique* of her art, with considerable inventive power. They have, moreover, all the tone and conditions of that rude splendour of the barbaric age which poets delight to imagine and painters to limn, and reproduce the ideal conceptions of the period with complete success. It is true no such vessel as that given could have survived the storms of the Atlantic, and no sail of the dimensions depicted could have borne it across the wide sea; but these and other practical facts that occur to us are probably, in an Art-point of view, critical impertinences. The artist has given us a series of charming ideal pictures, and we must accept them wholly in the poetical spirit in which they were conceived. As for Miss Hallock's picture of 'the blue-eyed maid,' she is a creature under her pencil to stir the blood of all vikings, old or young, and to give